When I left Freiburg, in the Rhine val-ley, and just at the edge of the Black Forest, it was a bright, crisp February

I had started out to find some place where there was German life in its simplicity. Of the villages through which I passed, some had no accommodations for

ABLACK FORESTVILLAGE

Iow-crowned black hat. Mother and daugnter had on tight-fitting, finely figured velvet bodices, and over these, as a protection to their half bare arms, black sacques, the sleeves puffed at the shoulders, much as the present style; bright-colored aprons, petiticants—the mother's black, the daughter's purple—failing between the knee and ankle, purple stockings and low shoes with black silk bows. The hair was hidden under black caps with gold embroidered crowns, long black streamers reaching to the shoe tops, and black ribbons tied in big bows under the chin. It could hardly be considered a greater of the principal idea appeared to widen the body by short waish and puffs at the hips.

\*\*Unchanging Style\*\* Unchanging Style.

This style had been the same for cen turies, Fraulein Lena said, and she showed me a clothes press full of bodices and petticoats that had been for years in the

family, descending from mother to daugh ter. Almost reverently she took out of its wrappings her "schappel," her greatest treasure. It was a headdress about the size and shape of a peck measure, open plicity. Of the villages through which I passed, some had no accommodations for strangers, others were overpowered by that index of German domestic economy, the manure pile; and I walked all the day and into the darkness and a heavy snow storm without finding a stopping place.

I have only an indistinct remembrance of the continuation of my search when I awoke on a cot beside a green tile stove in the corner of a low, woodencelling room. An oid man, with a blue skull cap and a red vest with little steel buttons spoke to me; but seeing that I did not understand him, he called out "Lenchen." A red-cheeked, pleasant-faced girl hurried in from another room.

"You couldn't understand father," she



or timeer that had oven seasoning for a hundred years and a wonderful find for a maker of musical instruments. There is a constant fear of conflagration; for a fire with but a slight headway would doom the old building and all that adjoins it to destruction.

The village (dorf) has a government not unlike that of towns of many American states, vested in a burgermeister and a council. It has its own school, where an elementary education is furnished; its elementary education is furnished; its church property, with a home for the priest, and a house for the poor. There are certain rights in common to firewood and pasture. Six years' residence entitles a family to a fixed amount of cordwood and number of bundles of twigs. The pasture is upon a neighboring hillside, where sheds for the live stock and a house for the herdsmen are maintained. Village life in the Black Forest is not disappearing. The reason is to be found in conditions peculiar to itself; the opening of factories along the rapid flowing streams, the development of the lumber industry and the visit of summer tourists. These are factors, too, that are changing the character of the people; for communities so primitive as the one in which I lived become scarcer each year. There are no beggars in the Black Forest, few thefts and only one murder in the last twenty years. It was the burgomaster himself, who while talking to me watched his store door from my window, that gave me this information. We were interrupted by Frau Trescher, who with great joy announced that her son, Heinrich, had come home for a few days' vacation. He assisted in the Palm Sunday celebration the nex. day. The interesting feature was a procession through the street, led by the church sexton in a long red cloak and carrying a gilt staff; following came altar boys swinging censers, the priest in his most gorgeous vestments under a red velvet gold-embroidered canopy, little girls in white bearing a statue of the Virgin and the remainder of the congregation counting their beads. The children all carried long straight poles—a tuft of green at the top in the form of a cross or cruwn bound with strips of colored paper—which, after being blessed by the priest, was set up on the farm to insure prosperity the coming year.

"To the peasant boy." Heinrich said, "the priestanod appears as the only outlet from the life of his forefathers. As a result the number of applicants for church orders is great and almost entirely from the rural districts. church property, with a home for the priest, and a house for the poor. There

Spring and the Storks.

As I watched the passing of the dillgence that was taking the young divinity student back to his studies, a big bird, long legged and broad winged, circled around the town and lit on a nest on the old



church steeple. "The storks are coming; spring will soon be here. That is the husband there on the steeple." exclaimed Frau Trescher; "he is looking after his home and will then fly back to the south to bring his wife. He never comes until the winter is broken." There were other signs of the passing of winter. Buds were appearing on the forest trees and bright bits of fresh green down in the valley. Preparation for spring work began and life became more active. The people were always in the field by daylight. Women as well as men worked in the field; and it seemed that it required three persons, a horse and a cow to do the plowling; husband and wife to take turns at holding the plow handles and leading the cow, and a girl with a stick to urge the animals along. The day divided itself by the meals into five parts. Frushtuck, bread and beer or wine at 8 o'clock, gross frushstuck, a cheese or sausage, bread and beer or wine at 8 o'clock, gross frushstuck, a cheese or sausage, bread and beer at 10; mittagessen at noon; luncheon at 4; and abendessen after the day's work. The village was dark and asleep before 10 o'clock. April, as a month of hard work, thus passed; and the sun on its last day set behind a mass of pink clouds, foretelling, said Frau Trescher, a fair Maletag. She was happy; for the preliminaries had been about arranged, and it would be Lena's engagement day to Johann.

May is the favorite month of the German sentimental poet; he revels in bursting bloom of flower and tree, and in the love

her father and mother to forgive them. The old folks rushed into my room; the father was boiling with wrath, disowning his daughter blessing her and cursing that "painter man" all in one breath. As soon as his first burst of anger had spent itself, I told him that the elopers could not have gone far, and that, instead or calling upon the police and the gendarme, as he threatened, he should hitch up his fastest horse and hurry to Freiburg—where they had most likely gone—and intercept them.

After a few minutes' thought he took my navice. We started across the highlands just as the sun was rising above the purple hills in the east, its rays piercing the mist around the top of the Feldberg and glistening on the spots of snow still on the northern slopes and the higher peaks. On through villages where the peasants going to work stared wonderingly at the stern-facet old man urging his horse at full speed; then downward by a road along the edge of a precipice with the murmur of a brook far below, and tree-covered hills rising upon each side. At the foot of the descent we rushed through another vinage as the goatherd, in faded green and springs of ivy, was collecting his flock to the piping of an ox-horn. Far up on the hillside, I caught glimpses of peasant homes and heard the faint tinkling of bells. Little wooden Caivaries and chapels, rich with wild flowers and pathetic with votive tablets, telling of family sorrows, stood by the wayside; the old man, who had scarcely spoken a word since starting, mechanically raised his hat as we passed them and murmured a prayer for his daughter's recovery. Out into the broad, fertile valley of the Dreisam between two hills crowned with the ruins of robber barons' castles; past the opening of a woodland valley, in the depth of which could be seen the glint of sunsiders; by the wayside; the oldens; by the walls of an old convent; around the spur of a mountain as the lacework spire of the cathedral suddenly rose above a vine-clad hill—and then into Freiburg.

Herr Trescher hurried of the emperor and a plaster bust of the Grand Duke of Baden were on the walls, and in one corner a crucifix decorated with artificial flowers.

The house was neither warm in winter nor cool in summer. The smell of the stalls and the manure pile at the entrance was over all. Many of the buildings have stood for more than a century; others have been gradually changed until only the framework remains. A beam, which I saw taken from one, was encrused with soot, aken from one, was encrusive with soot, and when struck rang like steel—a piece

Herr Trescher hurried away to the station, expecting to arrest the elopers before they could get into a car, and told me to search the town. In crossing the marktsearch the town. In crossing the marktplatz I went through the great red stone
cathedral. The light of the May day sifted
through the colored glass windows and fell
in a mellow stream upon the figure of a
peasant girl kneeling before the altar of
the Virgin. When she arose I walked toward her. It was Lena. While Friedrich had gone for a priest, she had been
asking forgiveness, she said with tears in
her eyes, for deceiving her parents. The
young artist returned while we were talking, to say that he could find no priest who
would marry them. People don't get married in Germany just upon the asking a
priest. There was the publication at the
mayoralty, and other necessary formalities that had never entered the heads of
this boy and girl. What was to be done?
they asked.

Herr Trescher was pacing angrily along
the platform watching all the doors when
I went to the station.

"Found them?" he inquired.

"Yes, they are waiting at the cathedral
for you."

"Waiting for me." he echoed, surprised.

"Yes, they are waiting at proper services."

"Yes, they are waiting at the catachial for you."
"Waiting for me," he echoed, surprised.
"Mein lieb" Lenchen—and she ran away with that rascal."
"Perhaps he is not so bad, after all," I replied. "You can hardly blame him for loving your pretty daughter nor her for being fond of him. When you refused your consent to their marriage they did what some other people have done, ran away."

away."
"But no one else in our community ever did such a thing before."

The Marriage. I shall not tell how all was finally arranged that Lena and Friedrich should be married. The celebration, which was genuinely Black Forest, took place at the genuinely Black Forest, took place at the Hirsch and everybody was invited. The entrance was trimmed with fir twigs and over the door was a big card with the word "Willkommen;" the hallways, the dining room, the beer hall, were all decorated with green, and the red and yellow of Baden, and the red, white and black of the empire. We all drank much beer and ate pretzels and brown bread, every person paying for his and her own consumption. Herr Trescher proposed the health of his son-in-law; others of us the health of the newly married couple and of their parents; and, when Friedrich and Lena rose at the head of the table and he asked us to drink to his "lovely Black Forest bride." we swallowed at one gulp a fresh glass of beer and cheered until they might have heard us down in the valley. There was "Prosit" to one neighbor on the right and on the left at the table, and to the girl that sat opposite. The loving bowl, a foaming glass jar of beer, was passed around amid singing of

dining room, the beer hall, were all decorated with green, and the red and yellow of Baden, and the red, white and black of the empire. We all drank much beer and atte pretzels and brown bread, every person paying for his and her own consumption. Herr Trescher proposed the health of the newly married couple and of their parents; and, when Friedrich and Lena rose at the head of the table and he asked us to drink to his "lovely Black Forest bride." we swallowed at one gulp a fresh glass of beer and cheered until they might have heard us down in the valley. There was "Prosit" to one neighbor on the right and on the left at the table, and to the girl that sat opposite. The loving bowl, a foaming glass jury of beer, was passed around amid singing of like weeks mich was soil's bedwiten, Dass leh so traurig bis.

The next day bride and bridegroom got into a wagon at the door of the house, a horreskin covered trunk was put in behind the seat and Lena, wearing her brightest costume—the one in which Friedrich first painted her—sat down proudly beside her husband, and Herr Trescher drove them away, amid the tears of the women and the good wishes of the men. And I wonder what was the reception given that true little woman when in that strange dress she entered the Berlin home of Friedrich's mother—Frau with a von as an important part of her name.

The house was lonely after Lena was gene—besides, Johann's long, sad face hacunted me—and one morning I took leave of Herr and Frau Trescher and the other hospitable friends whom I had made, with a feeling of deep gratitude.

If ever you visit the Black Forest and ride up through its most picturesque valley. He Hollenthal, to the hielingds.

If ever you visit the Black Forest and ride up through its most picturesque valley, the Hollenthal, to the highlands around the Titisee, you will easily distinguish the village where I spent these three months. You can get a glass of cool beer in the garden of the Hirsch; and you might ask the fraulein who serves you if Herr Friedrich, who lived in the inn and who married Fraulein Trescher, has built the Black Forest cottage with a great glass studio on the raise back of Lena's old home. She will tell you, too. sincerely, that she thinks Lena will not be so happy with him as she would have been with poor Johann, because no girl was ever married to a man out of the community—more especially, Gott s'l dank, never to an artist.

L. A. SPRINGER.

MOTHER OF THE REGIMENT. frs. Susan A. Glenn, of Washington Is the First Matron Appointed to Go to the Front.

Mrs. Susan A. Glenn, of Washington has

the honor of being the first matron appointed to go to the front. She has resigned her place in the postoffice department to accept the position.

Mrs. Glenn is the widow of a soldier and mother of a volunteer in the First regiment. District of Columbia volunteers, and she will accompany this regiment. She is a member of the Woman's Patriotic Industrial Relief League. She is a well preserved woman of 50, of fine physique and the mother of four children. Two daugh-



MRS. SUSAN A. GLENN.

ters remain at home and devote their services to the league.

The league is now organizing a relief corps of women to be sent to the various regiments to darn, mend and wash for the soldiers. No woman under 35 or over 35 will be permitted to accompany a regiment, and they must be women of irreproachable character, widows or mothers of volunteers preferred.

The outfit of Mrs. Glenn as matron will consist of black alpaca and black silk skirts; blue and black shirt waists, rubber cloak, two sets of black underwear, broadsole walking shoes and fiannel blanket; hammer, shawl, belt, bag and a soft fedora hat.

Mrs. Glenn will also take with her a quantity of such articles as disinfecting castile and laundry soaps, pins, needles, letter paper, envelopes postage stamps, pencils, darning cotton, mustard and vaseline. The league is now manufacturing and fitting small bags with the articles enumerated, for distribution among the soldiers.

WOMAN AT BELLEVUE. Dr. Julia A. D. Adams Was One of the

First Women to Attend Clinic

at the College. Dr. Julia A. D. Adams, of Ravenswood, Ill., was one of the first women to attend a clinic at Bellevue college, New York

MRS. MACKAY'S EXILE

PERSISTENT STORIES, NOT SCAN-DALOUS, MUT HUMILIATING.

Meissonier's Bad Picture-He Made Her Look Like an ex-Washerwoman, and She Bravely Displayed the Painting.

From the New York Press.

There was some talk not long ago that Mrs. John W. Mackay, mother of Clarence Mackay, who, on Tuesday, May 17, married Miss Duer, would now remain a few years in America, but this talk has been set at rest by the positive statement that she will return to England in June, never, never to come back save when it is absolutely necessary. From the New York Press.

lutely necessary.

Mrs. Mackay's reason for expatriating herself is probably the simple one that she likes England better than America. It has been stated many times over that at heart DR. JULIA A. D. ADAMS.

City. The students made a bitter fight against the admission of the fair sex, and shound themselves by a solemn oath never students from all regularly cnarred college threshold. The crisis came when the students from all regularly chartered college threshold. The crisis came when the students from all regularly chartered colleges were invited to witness a case of amputation on a cadaver which at that time



MEISSONIER'S LIBELOUS PICTURE OF MRS. MACKAY.

never had been performed on a live subject.

Naturally the women were as eager as the men, and while not anticipating sertous trouble, attended in a body. On reaching the college they were surrounded by a veiling, hooting, scoffing mob of stu-

DIXIE'S GIFTED DAUGHTER.

The South Mourns Mrs. Margare O'Brien Davis-She Won Fame as a Writer of Romance. The women of Alabama, and, indee hose of the entire South, are now mourn-ng the loss of one of their most gifted



MRS. MARGARET O'BRIEN DAVIS.

sisters, Mrs. Margaret O'Brien Davis, whom death has claimed.

Mrs. Davis had been identified with the press of Alabama, and had besides written a couple of novels and numerous short stories, sketches and verses. At the time of her marriage, on July 15, of last year, she was editor and owner of the Free Lance, the official organ of the Woman's Federation of Literary Clubs of Alabama. She then passed the paper over to another woman's hands and gave up journalism.

Mrs. Davis was born in a beautiful old home in Montgomery, Ala., where both her grandmother and mother first saw the light, and was the daughter of a soldier, artist and journalist, Frank P. O'Brien, whose latest work is to be seen in the frescoes on the dome of the capitol at Montgomery. Mr. O'Brien founded the Age-Herald, of Birmingnam, and his daughter became one of his assistants, filling one place after another till she ended by becoming editor-in-chief. She was connected with this paper for six years, and left it to start the Free Lance, of which to use her own words, she became "editor-in-chief, news and city man, society writer, all the contributors, office boy, foreman, mail clerk and cashier."

"Judith, the Daughter of Judas," Mrs. Davis first novel, was published by the Lippincotts when she was 19. Her nextleng story was "The Squire," and at the time of her death she had a third novel. "Told by a Woman," ready for the press. Mrs. Davis was a descendant of Ethan Allen and a grandniece of Margaret Newman, who, as Margaret Carpenter, led the visual properties of the was bruilt by the hird Duke of Leinster and sold by the resent duke in consequence of his losses in the Argentines of the word of the mas processed with this paper for six years, and left it to start the Free Lance, of which was been were more of the capital was divorced from her faughter, was an italian, and by the French soil. So she removed to the French soil. Handle of the first hand of the

"Judith, the Daughter of Judas," Mrs. Davis' first novel, was published by the Lippincotts when she was 19. Her next long story was "The Squire," and at the time of her death she had a third novel, "Told by a Woman," ready for the press. Mrs. Davis was a descendant of Ethan Allen and a grandniece of Margaret Newman, who, as Margaret Carpenter, led the minuet with Lafayette, the last time he was in America.

attively plain sailing into the favor of royalty itself.

Her London residence is at No. 6 Cariton alter Limit to the favor of royalty itself.

Her London residence is at No. 6 Cariton alter Limit to the favor of royalty itself.

Her London residence is at No. 6 Cariton alter Limit to the favor of royalty itself.

Her London residence is at No. 6 Cariton in the Lippincon of Leinster and sold by the present duke in consequence of his losse in the Argentines in 1891. Her social tri umphs there have been described so often that the public is already familiar with

ing the college they were surrounded by a yelling, hooting, scoffing mob of students, and all but four became panic-stricken and fied. But Dr. Adams, alive to the fact that they were entitled to the privilege, led her little flock into the building. In the lecture room they met with the most determined opposition, but the faculty sustained the position of the faculty sustained by throughly thrashing the supposed author thereof, the first chance he got, in Ban Francisco a few years ago.

Bonynge has always been understood to be an Englishman and to have originally spelled his name Bunning. He got rich as Mackay's broker, and some years after Mackay's broker, and some years after Mackay's broker, and some years after Mackay's broker, and some yea

Mrs. Mackay's first social success

Mrs. Mackay and Meissonier.

Mrs. Mackay's first social successes among the Europeans were made in Paris. She settled herself there about a quarter of a century ago and by various ways soon succeeded in winning a higher place in the social circles of the French capital than she had ever enjoyed on this side of the Atlantic. Those who are not among her admirers say that lavish charity to the Roman Catholic church was her chief lever, but at all events she won the position she coveted among the exciusives of the Faubourg St. Germain, and at one time she unquestionably intended to remain a resident of Paris for the remainder of her natural life.

But in an evil hour she decided to have her portrait painted by Meissonier. For some reason Meissonier did not admire Mrs. Mackay, 'though, of course, she knew nothing of that. The result was a portrait that displeased the sitter beyond words. It resembled her, to be sure, but it was the resemblance of a caricature, being a sort of combination of a Spanish dancer of the Otero type and a washerwoman of the type Mrs. Mackay was charged with being by the Bonynges.

Making every possible allowance for Meissonier, he seems to have been no better than a prig all through the episode of the Mackay portrait, for even his friends have admitted that he did the picture in great haste, afforded the woman far too few sittings and painted the hands in the picture from those of his hired model. He pieaded rush of imperative orders for an excuse, but the Mackays declared that that was disingenuous. They say he set out deliberately to humiliate Mrs. Mackey, and they also declined to pay the excribitant bill he presented. Litigation followed, of course, and also, of course, the perfumed painter won, for the litigation necessarily took place in France.

The painting disappeared after the bill was paid, and stories of its destruction were printed on both sides of the water. These were neither affirmed or denied till some time subsequent to the painter's death. Then the picture was brought out



cures that I could see straggling along the

artist came to call—upon me, he said. He hapen two years at Munich and one at Paris. Then he had locked up his studio at Paris. The he had locked up his studio at Paris at Paris. The he had locked up his studio at Paris. The he had locked up his studio at Paris. The he had locked up his studio at Paris. The he had locked up his studio at Paris. The he had locked up his studio at Paris. The he had locked up his paper at Paris. The he had locked up his paper at Paris. The he had locked up his paper at Paris. The he had locked up his paper at Paris. The he had locked up his paper at Paris. The he had locked up his paper at Paris. The he had locked up his paper at Paris. The he had locked up his paper at Paris. The he had locked up his paper at Paris. The he had locked up his paper at Paris. The he had locked up his paper at Paris. The he had locked up his paper at Paris. The he had locked up his paper at Paris. The he had locked up his paper at Paris. The he had locked up his paper at Paris. The he had locked up his paper at Paris. The he had locked up his paper at Paris. The had been a paris at Paris. The had been at Paris. The had been at Paris. The had been at Paris.

BLACK FOREST VILLAGE ON A WINTER NIGHT.

Artist at the Village Inn.

Lena came home one evening of my third week and said there was an artist at the Hirsch and that he had asked her to sit for him. She went; and the picture not completed, she went again and again. The artist came to call-upon me, he said. He had spent two years at Munich and one at Paris. Then he had locked up his studio

THE QUIET STUDENT LIFE OF THE SAILOR-AUTHOR.

His Plan of Work-More Than One Publisher Rejected the Now Popwiar "Influence of Sea

Power." harles DeKay, in the Critic. Captain A. T. Mahan lives in a colonial house, but it is a colonial house of modern

imes in one of the fine streets to the wes of Central park, in which there reigns an atmosphere of worldliness and well being. Not that I would suggest that he lives like a millionaire, but that he is ininvestike a millionaire, but that he is in-tensely modern as well in the house he inhabits as in his personality. Polished, reserved, urbane, there is nothing of the bluff old seadog about the man, and noth-

reserved, urbane, there is nothing of the bluff old seadog about the man, and nothing of the seadog's haunt about his house. The naval officer, however, shows in the extreme simplicity of taste within and without. Order and a Dutch cleanliness reign throughout a dwelling which might be that of a college professor or literary man, or artist, rather than a famous graduate of the naval academy. The White Squadron is reflected in the color of the facade and the white wainscoting of hall and library. One of the most pleasant impressions aboard a man-of-war is that of feeling that everything from rigging to engine room must have been hosed down, scrubbed, scraped and painted just so many times a week. That is the impression one gets from Captain Mahan's home.

And the suave gentleman who is muster here is far removed from any older type of retired naval hero; from such a type, for instance, as the late Admiral "Tom" Craven, whose short, powerful figure, burly ways, jovial talk and voice that came in surprising growls from a yard below his own feet marked him out as a character before one said a word to him. He is even apart from the very different type one sees in Admiral Luce, who may be termed the sailor diplomat, prepared to shine in society and at courts without losing one whit of effectiveness as a thorough seaman and gallant fighter. Captain Mahan is that most modern of all sailors—the sailor student.

Sailor Student a Hard Role.

The role is one of the hardest, because life at sea is so broken up by the routine of duty that a seaman has no time for life at sea is so broken up by the routine of duty that a seaman has no time for study or literary work, even when he can do without a library—a thing not to be thought of in an historian. Had it not been for a term of shore duty passed at Newport, perhaps the second book published by Captain Mahan, which was the first whereby his name became widely known, would never have seen the light. The captain's first venture into print was undertaken at the request of Messrs. Scribner, who asked him to write the volume on the navy for their series of monographs on the civil war. It is written with the conscientiousness of the officer who has a task before him and does it in the quickest and most precise way within the limits set. But one does not find in it the touch of interest in the work as it is doing, which communicates itself to the reader and sometimes accounts for the fact that very long-winded and very dry books may hold the attention. It was when Captain Mahan began to write on the influence of sea power upon history that his own interest flamed up and his chapters became warm with a subject self-chosen and congenial to the personality of the author.

A Difference in Books. The difference between a book suggested by a publisher and one that came unsug-gested, direct from the author's mind

into various modern languages. The highest officials of the British navy have testified that they have read his pages with delight and instructed themselves thereby. His consecrated personality, the great emperor, has distinguished Captain Mahan by speaking in the most glowing terms of his "Influence of Sea Power"—and those who know Wilhelm II. best are well assured of his learning, the vigor of his understanding and his right to an opinion on naval as well as military matters—and he has advised his naval officers to read Captain Mahan's books. Yet the success earned by the captain in a field apart from practical seamanship, albeit in connection with the sea, has not fostered in him a particle of that outreculdance one often finds so oddly and at times so funnily manifested by men who succeed in a direction different from the lines in which their own profession moves.

On the contrary, Captain Mahan has a nervous horror of the interviewer, not merely because in these troublous times, when strenuous reporters and correspondents lurk in every bush to wayfiny anyone whose opinion upon naval matters might furnish copy for "scare heads" and display type, he is in greater peril than he was during the civil war, but because he is genuinely modest. One may fairly suspect that the mere idea of talking about himself and his books makes him tonguetted. He cannot conceive of himself as an object of interest.

Views on Immediate Questions. Whatever may be his views as to immediate questions of great moment, such as Cuba, Hawaii or Manila, there can be no doubt of his belief in the central argument Cuba, Hawaii or Manila, there can be no doubt of his belief in the central argument of the "Influence of Sea Power," that nations failing to hold their own on the seas gradually gravitate to lower levels in the national struggle for existence. It is eminently a naval man's view. Perhaps in some of his arguments ne is a special pleader; perhaps in his pursuit of the main idea he loses sight of arguments which might be adduced on the other side. He writes not only from the sailor's point of view, but from that of the Anglo-Saxon, or rather the Anglo-American, to use a more definite and sensible term. Naval men in Europe as well as here are certain to be more impressed by the sea power of Great Britain than by any other one thing, together with the corollaries of that power, her commerce and merchant marrine, her colonies and fortified points on the shores of every sea. It is not easy for them to conceive of greatness in a nation without these things. Their natural impulse is to recommend that she be imitated. Hence the moves of Germany in Africa and China, of France in Madagascar and Tonkin. Hence the warm acceptance of Captain Mahan's books in England, Germany and the United States. When nations are reaching out to seize on what is left of the globe unappropriated, they are glad of arguments that offer a justification for their action, if it merely be an argument for the inevitable destiny of certain lands to fall to certain races.

Individual Freedom at Vassar.

From Scribner's.

At Vassar the student is winning greater freedom, too, in her domestic life, for the system of self-government throws the responsibility in regard to the order of the community upon the girls. Certain cardinal rules are submitted by the faculty to the student body. If approved, they are adopted, and the police force appointed to carry them out is made up of students. The change has brought greater freedom of speech and of action to the students, and the old gulf between the governing body and the populace is being bridged over. rom Scribner's.

She (sewing a button on his shirt)-"John, She (sewing a button on his shirt)—John, were you very greatly flustered when you proposed to me?" He—"Yes. To tell you the truth, I was so rattled that night I didn't know what I was doing." As yet he has not succeeded in getting her to listen to an explanation.—Chicago News.